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# The Catholic Journal.

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## FABIOLA.

Of The Church of the Catacombs.  
By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman

### CHAPTER I. POOR AND RICH.

This operation performed, Syra proceeded to the little parlour opposite the porter's room, where the higher slaves could see their friends. She held in her hand a basket covered with a napkin. The moment she entered the door, a light step came bounding across the room to meet her. It was that of a girl of about sixteen or seventeen, dressed in the poorest attire, but clean and neat, who threw her arms round Syra's neck with such a bright countenance and such hearty cheer that a bystander would hardly have supposed that her sightless eyes had never communicated with the outer world.

"Sit down, dear Cecilia," said Syra with a most affectionate tone, and leading her to a seat. "To-day I have brought you a famous feast, you will fare sumptuously."

"How so? I think I do every day."

"No, but to-day my mistress has kindly sent me out a dainty dish from her table, and I have brought it here for you."

"How kind of her, yet how much kinder of you, my sister! But why have you not partaken of it yourself? It was meant for you, and not for me."

"Why, to tell the truth it is a great treat to me to see you enjoy any thing that is good."

"No, dear Syra, no it must be the God has willed me to be poor, and I must try to do His will. I could more think of eating the food, than I could of wearing the dress of the poor. I love to share with you your pulmentum porridge, which I know is given me in charity by one poor like myself. I procure for you the merit of alms-deeds; you give me the consolation of feeling that I am, before God, still only a poor blind thing. I think He will love me better thus than if I fed on luxurious fare. I would rather be with Lazarus at the gate than with Dives at the table."

"How much better and wiser you are than I, my good child! It shall be as you wish. I will give the dish to my companions, and in the meantime, here I set before you your usual humble fare."

"Thanks, thanks, dear sister; I will await your return."

Syra went to the maids' apartment, and put before her jealous but greedy companions the silver dish. As their mistress occasionally showed them this little kindness, it did not much surprise them. But the poor servant was weak enough to feel ashamed of appearing before her comrades with the rich scarf round her arm. She took it off before she entered; then, not wishing to displease Euphrosyne, replaced it as well as she could with one hand coming out. She was in the court below returning to her blind friend, when she saw one of the noble guests of her mistress's table alone, and with a mortified look, crossing towards the door, and she stepped behind a column to avoid any possible and not uncommon rudeness. It was Fulvius; and no sooner did she, unseen, catch a glimpse of him, than she stood for a moment as one nailed to the spot. Her heart beat against her bosom, then quivered as if about to cease its action; her knees struck against one another, a shiver ran through her frame, while perspiration started on her brow. Her eyes, wide open, were fascinated, like the bird's before the snake. She raised her hand to her breast, made up in it the sign of life, and the spell was broken. She fled in an instant, still unnoticed, and had hardly stepped noiselessly behind a curtain that closed the stairs, when Fulvius, with downcast eyes, reached the spot on which she had stood. He started back a step, as if scared by something lying before him. He trembled violently; but recovering himself by a sudden effort, he looked around him, and saw that he was alone. There was no eye upon him—except One which he did not heed, but which read his evil heart in that hour. He gazed again upon the object, and stooped to pick it up; but drew back his hand, and that more than once. At last he heard footsteps approaching; he recognised the martial tread of Sebastian, and hastily he snatched up from the ground the rich scarf which had dropped from Syra's arm. He shook as he folded it up; and when to his horror, he found upon it spots of fresh blood, which had oozed through the bandages, he reeled like a drunken man to the door, and rushed to his lodgings.

Pale, sick, and staggering, he went

into his chamber, repulsing roughly the officious advances of his slaves, and beckoned to his faithful domestic to follow him, and then signed to him to bar the door. A lamp was burning brightly by the table, on which Fulvius drew the embroidered scarf in silence, and pointed to the stains of blood. That dark man said nothing; but his swarthy countenance was blanched, while his master's was ashy and livid.

"It is the same, no doubt," at length spoke the attendant, in their foreign tongue; "but she is certainly dead."

"Art thou quite sure, Euratas?" asked the master, with the keenest of his hawk's looks.

"As sure as man can be of what he has not seen himself. Where didst thou find this? And whence this blood?"

"I will tell thee all to-morrow. I am too sick to-night. As to those stains, which were I and when I found it, I know not where they came, unless they are warnings of vengeance—nay, a vengeance themselves, deep as the Furies could mediate, fierce as they can launch. That blood has not been shed now."

"Tut, tut! this is no time for dreams or fancies. Did any one see thee pick the thing up?"

"No one, I am sure."

"Then we are safe; better in our hands than in others. A good night's rest will give us better counsel."

"True, Euratas; but do thou sleep this night in my chamber."

Both threw themselves on their couches; Fulvius on a rich bed, Euratas on a lowly pallet, from which, raised upon his elbow, with dark but earnest eye, he long watched, by the lamp's light, the troubled slumbers of the youth; at once his devoted guardian and his evil genius. Fulvius tossed about and moaned in his sleep, for his dreams were gloomy and heavy. First he sees before him a beautiful city on a distant land, with a river of crystal brightness flowing through it. Upon it is a galley weighing anchor, with a figure on deck, waving towards him, in farewell, an embroidered scarf. The scene changes; the ship is in the midst of the sea, battling with a furious storm, while on the summit of the mast the same scarf streams out, like a pennant, unrolled and uncrumpled by the breeze. The vessel is now dashed upon a rock, and all with a dreadful shriek are hurled in the deep. But the topmast stands above the billows, with its calm and brilliant flag; till, amidst the sea birds that shriek around, a form with a torch in her hand, and black dripping wings, flies by, snatches it from the steel, and with a look of stern anger displays it, as in her flight she passes before him. He reads upon it, written in fiery letters, Nemesis, vengeance.

But it is time to return to our other acquaintances in the house of Fabius. After Syra had heard the door close on Fulvius, she paused to compose herself, offered up a secret prayer, and returned to her blind friend. She had finished her frugal meal, and was waiting patiently the slave's return. Syra then commenced her daily duties of kindness and hospitality; she brought water, washed her hands and feet, in obedience to Christian practice, and combed and dressed her hair, as if the poor creature had been her own child. Indeed, though not much older, her look was so tender, as she hung over her poor friend, her tones were so soft, her whole action so motherly, that one would have thought it was a parent ministering to her daughter, rather than a slave serving a leger. And this beggar, too, looked so happy, spoke so cheerily, and said such beautiful things, that Syra lingered over her work to listen to her and gaze on her.

It was at this moment that Agnes came for her appointed interview, and Fabiola insisted on accompanying her to the door; but when Agnes softly raised the curtain, and caught a sight of the scene before her, she beckoned to Fabiola to look in, enjoining silence by her gesture. The blind girl was opposite, and her voluntary servant on one side, unconscious of witnesses. The heart of Fabiola was touched; she had never imagined that there was such a thing as disinterested love on earth between strangers; as to charity, it was a word unknown to Greece or Rome. She retreated quietly, with a tear in her eye, and said to Agnes as she took leave—

"I must retire; that girl, as you know, proved to me this afternoon that a slave may have a head; she has now shown me that she may have a heart. I was amazed when, a few hours ago, you asked me if I did not love a slave. I think now I could almost love Syra. I half regret that I have agreed to part with her."

As she went back into the court, Agnes entered the room, and laughing

said—

"So, Cecilia I have found out your secret at last. This is the friend whose food you have always said was so much better than mine, that you would never eat at my house. Well, if the dinner is not better, at any rate I agree that you have fallen in with a better hostess."

"Oh, don't say so, sweet Lady Agnes," answered the blind girl; "it is the dinner indeed that is better. You have plenty of opportunities for exercising charity; but a poor slave can only do so by finding some one still poorer and helpless, like me. That thought makes her food by far the sweetest."

"Well, you are right," said Agnes, "and I am not sorry to have you present, to hear the good news I bring to Syra. It will make you happy too. Fabiola has allowed me to become your mistress, Syra, and to take you with me. To-morrow you shall be free and a dear sister to me."

Cecilia clapped her hand with joy and throwing her arms round Syra's neck, exclaimed, "Oh, how good! How happy you will now be, dear Syra!"

But Syra was deeply troubled, and replied with faltering voice, "O good and gentle lady, you have been kind indeed to think so much about one like me. But pardon me, if I entreat you to remain as I am; I assure you, dear Cecilia, am quite happy here."

"But why wish to stay?" asked Agnes.

"Because," rejoined Syra, "it is most perfect to abide with God, in the state wherein we have been called. I own this is not the one in which I was born. I have been brought to it by others. A burst of tears interrupted her for a moment, and then she went on: "But so much the more clear is it to me, that God has willed me to serve Him in this condition. How can I wish to leave it?"

"Well then," said Agnes, still more eagerly, we can easily manage it. I will not free you, and you shall be my handwomen. That will be just the same."

"No, no," said Syra, smiling, "that will never do. Our great Apostle's instructions to us are: 'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward.' I am far from saying that my mistress is one of these; but you, noble Lady Agnes, are too good and gentle for me. Where would be my cross if I lived with you? You do not know how proud and headstrong I am by nature; and I should fear for myself if I had not some pain and humiliation."

Agnes was almost overcome, but she was more eager than ever to possess such a treasure of virtue, and said, "I see, Syra, that no motive addressed to your own interest can move you. I must therefore use a more selfish plea. I want to have you with me, that I may improve by your advice and example. Come, you will not refuse such a request."

"Selfish," replied the slave, "you can never be. And therefore I will appeal to yourself from your request. You know Fabiola, and you love her. What a noble soul, and what a splendid intellect she possesses! What great qualities and high accomplishments, if they only reflected the light of truth! And how jealously does she guard in herself that pearl of virtues which only we know how to prize! What a truly great Christian she would make!"

"Go on, for God's sake, dear Syra," broke out Agnes, all eagerness. "And do you hope for it?"

"It is my prayer day and night; it is my chief thought and aim; it is the occupation of my life. I will try to win her by patience, by assiduity, even by such unusual discussions as we have held to-day. And when all is exhausted, I have one resource more."

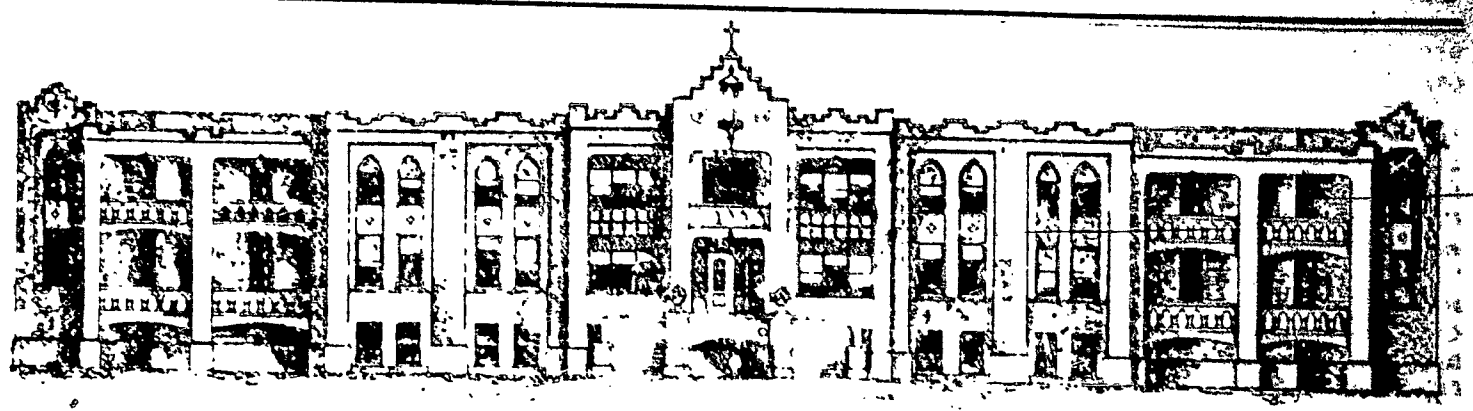
"What is that?" both asked.

"To give my life for her conversion. I know that a poor slave like me has few chances of martyrdom. Still, a fiercer persecution is said to be approaching, and perhaps it will not disdain such humble victims. But be that as God pleases, my life for her soul is placed in His hands. And oh, dearest, best of ladies," she exclaimed, falling on her knees and bedewing Agnes's head with tears, "do not come in thus between me and my prize."

"You have conquered, sister Syra; oh, never again call me lady," said Agnes. "Remain at your post; such single-hearted, generous virtue must triumph. It is too sublime for so homely a sphere as my household."

"And I, for my part," subjoined Cecilia, with a look of arch gravity, "say that she has said one very wicked thing, and told a great story this evening."

(To be continued.)



The New Home For The Aged.

## Fair for the Aged a Big Success.

### Halls Crowded to the Doors Nightly and Many Unable to Gain Admittance.

### Daily Receipts Are Large and Amount Realized Will Probably Exceed Estimated Amount.—Fairs to Continue Until Tuesday or Wednesday Evening.

The fact that Rochester needs a large hall capable of holding two or even three thousand people was again brought to public attention by crowds that were unable to gain admittance to either the armory or Fitzhugh hall this week for the benefit of the Home for the Aged. At the armory the fire escapes were used nightly to let part of the crowds out while hundreds were clamoring for admission. At Fitzhugh hall the crowds were just as large.

The fairs were formerly opened Monday evening by Bishop McQuaid, Mayor Cutler and W. C. Barry, president of the fair association.

President Barry spoke briefly before introducing Bishop McQuaid and Mayor Cutler at Fitzhugh Hall, where the formalities began. Mayor Cutler, in his speech, eulogized Bishop McQuaid and spoke of the good work he had done since he came to Rochester nearly thirty years ago. He said the venerable prelate was not only highly esteemed and respected by the people of his flock, but by all citizens, irrespective of creed. That he was not only foremost in his church, but also one of the foremost citizens of Rochester and had always been a zealous worker for the general welfare of this city. Bishop McQuaid delivered one of those eloquent, forcible and inspiring addresses for which he is noted, which is herewith given in part:

"Two months ago, still a sick man, about to start for the South, to stave off death—for I did not want to die while this work and another remained incomplete—I wrote the appeal which, no doubt, you have all read; and I assure you that your old Bishop was speaking from his heart for those older and feebler than himself.

"I had no sense of failure in my heart. I knew how the hearts of my people go out towards the old who have journeyed through life honorably, working their way and doing their duty to those about them. Just then they came before the public with a claim upon the sympathy and help of those stronger and still busily engaged in the battle of life.

"I knew, further, that the doctrine we teach had passed into the hearts of my people; and that among them the one which was given from the clouds by God to Moses—'Honor thy father and thy mother'—had not been unheeded. I knew that they realized that this does not mean only those who have given them birth, but the elders, who are entitled to honor and respect—yes, more—to love. This is the charity of the decalogue and of the Creator. Let not the phrase, 'We are brothers' be meaningless. We are brothers by virtue of God's having made us, by our relation to Christ and by the will of God.

"So my heart went out in long desire to erect a home that would be noble and comfortable. Those whom we shall shelter are not paupers, they are not the refuse of the world, they are honorable men and women, who, being in need in their old age, have a right to support. Perhaps my own age had something to do with my desire to establish a home for the old who are without means of support.

"I placed the site of the home out there on the boulevard with a purpose. But it is a splendid drive to the lake, and both the living and the dead—many of them—will go by the home when it is built. But I wanted the living to have occasion to dwell upon the thought that there was a home for aged people and I wanted them to see the glory of its growth, till it shall in time become one of the great institutions of Rochester.

"When I made the appeal, I knew that the response would be generous, but I had no idea that I was setting the town crazy; that it would be the fair and nothing else in Rochester for two months. But it is a good and blessed craziness that leads men to open their heart and purse for others.

"And now the fair opens. I need not tell you how proud and grateful I am of our efforts to build a home for the aged. When they asked down in Savannah how much I expected to raise for the home, I said that it would be, perhaps, \$30,000 or \$40,000, but that I would not object if it were \$50,000, and that none of it would be wasted if it were \$100,000.

"I am glad that you have had Mayor Cutler participate in this ceremony. From the day that I first knew him as an architect to this I have been proud of our acquaintance. When he was elected Mayor of Rochester, I was sorry that I was not here to congratulate him. I knew he would make a good mayor in every way, an economical mayor, but not a niggardly one.

"And now let me thank you again. I am glad to be with you tonight, as strong as ever again, and with a heart as young and glad as ever it was since the day I first got it."

From Fitzhugh hall the Bishop the Mayor and the officers of the fair association were escorted to the Armory by the First Regiment of the Knights of St. John. At the Armory the Mayor again spoke in the strain in which he had addressed the people at the first place.

Bishop McQuaid in his address said in part:

"Next to the war between Russia and Japan and the great Rochester fire, we have been hearing of the fair for the Home for the Aged. We want a home for the aged. One of the newspapers said that this was to be a home for aged men only, but you know that I would never be guilty of

establishing such an institution. I expect we shall have but one part of one wing for the men, and five times as much for the women."

Bishop McQuaid spoke further of his purposes in regard to the home, and thanked those present for the interest they had taken in the enterprise.

At the close of the addresses in both halls, cheers were given in honor of the speakers.

As one enters the armory the handsome oriental booth of Blessed Sacrament Church demands instant attention. This pleasing place is in charge of Mrs. R. G. Powers assisted by the ladies of the parish.

St. Francis Xavier's booth, which, with St. Stanislaus booth, is decorated with the American flags and colors. This booth contains religious articles of all kinds and the business done showed that religious things are not neglected amidst the festivities of the week.

St. Mary's booth is decorated in white and green and looked very pretty.

St. Boniface's booth was decorated in the papal colors.

St. Michael's booth was in white with the Stars and Stripes relieving its simplicity.

The white and blue booth of the Church of Our Lady of Victory attracted many patrons.

Papal colors draped the Holy Redeemer booth, where many pleasing and attractive articles are offered for sale.

St. Bridget's booth is a patriotic one, red, white and blue bunting and American flags making it most pleasing to the eye.

St. Joseph's booth is in white and is decorated with morning glory vines. It is in charge of the Ladies Auxiliary of the parish, assisted by the Catholic Young Men's Club of the parish.

The Corpus Christi booth is in white and pink and has many attractions for the fair patrons. The church also conducts a candy booth in the centre of the hall, under the direction of Mrs. Frank J. Hone. The information bureau next door is in charge of this booth.

One of the features of the fair at the armory is the booth of the Victorian Circle, an organization of young women. It is decorated in yellow and white, and the young ladies of the circle dispense ice cream and cake.

At Fitzhugh Hall, the first booth on the right as one enters is that of Holy Family Church, decorated in white and orange. The three societies of ladies in charge are the Ladies' Auxiliary, the L. C. B. A., and the W. C. B. A.

Mrs. D. C. Feely is in charge of the Holy Rosary booth, which has patriotic decorations.

At St. Monica's booth the decorations are in green and white. The soda fountain is in this booth and did a land office business.

(Continued on page 2.)